THE

Cimmerian MATRON,

To which is added,

THE

Mysteries and *Miracles*

OF

LOVE.

By *P. M.* Gent.

Qui cavet, ne decipiatur; vix cavet, etiam cum cavet: Etiam cum caviſſe ratus eſt, is cautor captus eſt.

Plautus.

In the *SAVOY*:

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the *Anchor* in the Lower-walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1668.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE *Epheſian Matron.*

My deareſt Friend,

You can be, I perceive, both highly obliging, *and no leſs* ſevere *to one and the ſame* Perſon, *in one and the ſame act. When you were pleaſ'd laſt Summer, to ſend me your* EPHESIAN MATRON, *with ſtrict Command, that I ſhould entertain her, as jealous* Italians *do their Miſtreſſes, mew her up in my Cabinet, from ſight of the whole world: You ſent a* Preſent

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(I acknowledge) than which nothing could have been more grateſull; but you conjoyn'd therewith a Reſtriction, than which none could have been more rigorous. You gave me good Wine, and then gelt it with Water; as the Spaniſh ſaying is of ſuch, who deſtroy their own benefits. Like an imperious Lord, you would have had the Lady my Tenent at your will: and after you had made me a free Grant, you inſerted a Proviſo to render it void. In a word, your Injunction to me, to reſtrain her from the converſation of all others, was not only tyrannical and inhumane in it ſelf (for, as our great Moraliſt, and beloved Author, Chaucer, in the Wife of Bath's Prologue.

De is to great a Niggarde, that will werne A man, to light a candle at his Lanterne;)

but alſo inconſiſtent with both the goodneſs of her nature, and the freedome of my enjoying the pleaſures thereof. For,

Firſt, the love of Liberty is no leſs natural to the ſoft and delicate Sex, than

to

to our harder and martial one: nor doth our Magna Charta *contain more Priviledges and Franchiſes, than theirs. Nay, their Beauty, as being the Ofspring of* light (*for* Plato *defined it to be the* luſter *of the Soul reſplendent in the bodie*) *juſtifies their abhorrence of confinement. Hence no Law-givers have ever been ſo unreaſonable, ſo unhumane, as to abridg Women of their native priviledge of a free and open converſation with* Men. *And we ſhould live but uncomfortably at beſt, if we denied them, eſpecially while they are younq, handſom, and well dreſs'd, to ſhew themſelves abroad in company, and appear in frequent aſſemblies. Beſides, as the ſame Wife of* Bathe *ſpeaks in the name of her whole ſex,*

We love no man, that taketh keepe or charge
Where that we go; we woll be at our large.

Nor is it leſs difficult to put reſtraint upon a Lady of her ſprightly and debonaire humor, than to impriſon the Sun-beams, catch the winds in a net, or impound an

Eagle

Eagle (as the Aldermen of Gotham *did a Cuckow) within a hedge: and he who is ſo well conceited of his vigilancy, or power, as to attempt it; is capable of being perſwaded alſo, that he can make Glaſs malleable, ſquare the Circle, prevent the decay of beauty by Time, or repair it by the oyl of* Talk. *Novelty is a Loadſtone to us all, eſpecially to Women, who naturally are ſo much given to* Curioſity, *that ſome* Divines *have held, our Great Grandmother* Eve *had never longed for the forbidden fruit, had it not been* forbidden. *Hence that Proverb,* where Jealouſie is Jaylor, moſt break priſon, *which was litterally verified in the Wife of the Goaler, in* Ariſtenatus; *who though ſtrictly watch'd and lock'd up by the jealous Coxcomb her Husband, yet found an opportunity to be* looſe, *while ſhe was in ſtrong hold.*

Quiſquis vectibus & ſeris
Cuſtodit uxorem, cum ſibi ſapiens vi-
Stultus eſt. (deatur

Again,

Again, you were not ignorant, that I am of ſo Charitable *and Communicative a* Genius, *that I hate to eat my morſels alone, though they be never ſo ſweet and delicious. One of my Maxims is,* quo communius, eo ſuavius; *the more delectable I find any thing to my ſelf, the more deſirous I am to impart the ſame to my Friends and Acquaintance: it being not the leaſt of my pleaſures, to accommodate and pleaſe others.*

Knowing, therefore, on one part, that the Epheſian *was amiable, tempting and witty; and on the other, that I am no Monopolizer of ſuch Commodities, but of a publick ſpirit and free-hearted: You ought either not to have put her into my hands, or not to have expected I ſhould reſtrain her from ſhewing her ſelf to the world. Nor am I to be ſo much blamed, for permitting her to go to* London, *and appear openly in the* New Exchange: *as you are for imagining, that ſo fair and polite a Creature deſerved*

ſuch harſh uſage, as to be alwayes confined with me in an obſcure Country Village among Fanatick Weavers and Cloth-workers.

But, you'll *ſay* (*I preſume*) *as poor* Malbecco *ſaid in excuſe of his jealouſie; that you grounded your command of Secreſie, not upon diſtruſt of the* Matrons *virtue, but upon fear of having your* judgment *and* honour *brought into queſtion, if the cenſorious World ſhould once come to know, who it was, that brought her from* Rome, *and furniſhed her with ſo handſome an* Engliſh *dreſs. And this ſeems a good Caution; but was it a prudent one? What cauſe had you for it? More than one. Well then, I gueſs at your thoughts. You feard, leſt ſome men might be of ſo ſevere a brow, as to think you had forgotten the* Gravity *required in a* Philoſopher, *and one of your ripe years, while you indulged your Pen, the liberty of touching upon*

upon an Amorous *Argument*, *though without violation of Modesty*, *and only for divertisement. You feard*, *lest others*, *less acquainted with Books*, *might mistake the History for a* Fiction; *and you for the* Author: *and thereupon take occasion to discredit both. You feard again*, *lest others might pervert the sense of your Text by a false* Comment, *interpret what you intended only for an innocent and facete* Exercise *of your* Wit, *to be a designe of Malice*, *a studied* Satyr *against* Women. *These are all the Reasons I can imagine you could alleage against my exposing to publick view that good-natur'd* Stranger.

To let you see, then, how much you were deceived in the weight of these Objections, *suggested to you by your fear of Detraction and Scandal*; *and withall briefly to Apologize for my own transgression of your Command*,

in transmitting the Epheſian *to the* Preſs (*for, that I own to my act:*) *I find my ſelf obliged to perpend them one by one in the ballance of Equity.*

In the Firſt *place, you had no reaſon to think* Love *to be ſo* juvenile *and ſooty an Argument, that you could not handle it without contracting ſtains upon your* Reputation. *For, that* Erotic paſſion *is allowed by all learned men to be a* ſpecies *of* Melancholy, *and in that name your very* Profeſſion *gave you a juſt title to inquire into the origine, nature, cauſes, ſignes, ſymptomes, &c. thereof. Again, you have the authority of no leſs man than* Marſilius Ficinus (in præfat. ad Convivium Platonis) omnem Amorem honeſtum eſſe, & bonum, omneſque amore dignos, qui bene dicunt de amore; *that all Love is honeſt and good, and all thoſe worthy to be loved, who ſpeak well of it. Nor need you ſeek long for* Preſidents *in the caſe. Among* Antient Philoſophers, *you have* Plato

(Συμπόσιον,

(Συμπόσιον, ἢ περὶ Ἔρωτος) Xenophon (sympos.) Theophrastus (*if we may believe* Athenæus, lib. 13. cap. 9.) Plutarch, Plotinus, Maximus Tyrius, Cadmus Milesius (*who, as* Langius, *in* lib. 1. Epist. 24. *observes out of* Suidas, *wrote no less than* 14. *Books of Love*) *and* Avicenna. *Among the* Moderns, Picus Mirandula, Marius Æquicola, *both in Italian*; Kornmannus de linea Amoris lib. 3. Petrus Godefridus, *in as many*; *and* P. Hædus. *Of* Physicians, *you have* Arnoldus de villa nova, Valleriola, Ælian Montaltus, *in their Treatises of Melancholy*; Valescus de Taranta, Gordonius, Hercules de Saxonia, Savanarola, Langius, Sennertus, Tulpius: *some of whom have written express Tractates of the nature and extent of* Love-melancholly; *and others rare observations of the strange and prodigious* Effects *of the same. Yea, of* Divines *themselves you have Examples not a few; of which I shall put you in mind only of two, as most*

memorable. One is that of Heliodorus, *a reverend Biſhop, who penned the famous Love-ſtory of* Theagines *and* Chariclea: *and when ſome ſowr* Cato's *of that time reprehended him for it, choſe rather* (*ſaith* Nicephorus, Hiſtor. lib. 12. cap. 34.) *to leave his Biſhoprick, than diſavow his Book. The other is of* Æneas Silvius, *an ancient Theologue; who after the 46. year of his age, as himſelf confeſſeth* (in præfat. lib. 1.) *compoſed that wanton Roman of* Euryalus and Lucrecia. *To theſe I could have added other two eminent Divines of our own time and Nation,* Mr Burton, *who wrote copiouſly and learnedly of* Love-melancholy; *and* Dr. Tailer, *who thought it no diminution of his Gravity, to recount* (*if* I *remember well, in his Art of* living and dying virtuouſly) *the very ſame ſtory of the* Epheſian Matron, *as an inſtance of Human Frailty. Nay, I might alleage the Loves of* Jacob *and* Rachel, *of* Sichem *and* Dinah, Juda *and* Thamar, Samp-

ſon

ſon *and* Dalilah, David *and* Berſheba, Ammon *and his* Siſter, Salomon *and* Pharaoh's *Daughter, &c. all mentioned in* Sacred Writ. *But I have been already too prolix in an Argument ſo common and obvious. To conclude this firſt part, therefore, of your Juſtification; if it were no diſhonour to theſe grave Authors to have treated of Love; why ſhould you, a Natural Philoſopher, and yet no old man, apprehend it ſo dangerous a thing to your good name, to let the world know, you had beſtowed a few vacant hours, for your divertiſement, upon the ſame Subject? Had you been at that time twice as old as you are now, I, for my part, ſhould have liked your Characters of Love ſo much the better: becauſe (as the Lord* John *anſwered the* Queen *in that Italian* Guazzo, lib. 4. de civili converſatione) *a grave and diſcreet Perſon is fitteſt to diſcourſe of Amorous adventures, as having more experience, and more ſtaid judgment,*

to make wholeſome and uſefull Remarques thereupon, for the advice and caution of greener heads.

As for your Second *imaginary* Objection, *viz. that the* Epheſian *might be thought the* Minerva *of your Brain, your* natural *Daughter, when indeed ſhe was only your* adopted *one: certainly, my* dear Friend, *you had laid aſide your conſidering-cap, when you ſufferd ſo light a conceipt to make any the leaſt impreſſion upon your skull. For, every Scholar very well knows, that the Lady being the Daughter of* Petronius Arbiter, *in his* Satyricon, *cannot therefore be leſs then ſixteen hundred years elder than you. Whether ſhe was a* True, *or a* Romantique *one; the* Author *having kept that in his breaſt, I am not able, after ſo long an interval of time, to determine. But thus much I can aſſure thoſe, who doubt of her* Reality; *that* Flavianus, apud Salisberienſem, *affirms that the Story is a true one, and that the Woman*

ſuffer'd

ſuffer'd death for her parricidal wicked-neſs and adultery, as he (in my judgment too ſeverely) ſtiles her fault. This Paren-theſis *begets a* Digreſſion.

I ſay, too ſeverely; *becauſe her Huſ-band being newly dead of ſome violent ſickneſs, and ſhe then a Widow, when ſhe ſo graciouſly obliged the Souldier: where was either her* Parricide, *or her* Adultery? *I ſhould think, that either the* Epheſian *Laws againſt removing the dead out of their Sepulchres, were inhumanely ſtrict; if her Judges were thereby obliged to account that fact in her equivalent to Parricide: or that* Flavianus *had been miſ-informed in that part of the Story. For, as to the other part of her Charge, her ſo facil and ſuddain giving her ſelf up to the Souldiers embraces; had the Laws of the place made it capital (which I believe they did not, becauſe I never read of any Laws ſo extremely rigorous, in any of the Cities of* Greece) *yet ſhe had wit enough to evade them, by pretending*

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Marriage *to her new Lover. Here I have an opportunity to obſerve to you, that though that excellent Divine, newly quoted,* Dr. Tayler, *was pleaſed ſo to ſweeten and extenuate the Levity of the Woman, as to tell his Readers, that ſhe* married *the Souldier in the Vault, yet I cannot aſſent to him in that particular. The words of* Petronius, *indeed, are theſe;* Jacuerunt, (*or, as the beſt* Critiques *read,* latuerunt) una, non tantum illa nocte, qua nuptias fecerunt, ſed poſtero etiam ac tertio die, &c. *But all who are converſant in the Latin tongue, well underſtand, that* nubere & nuptias facere, *is by a modeſt* Metalepſis *uſed, by the ancient Romans,* pro συγκαθεύδειν; *as* Plautus *uſed it,* Pſeud. act. 1. ſcen. 3. *and as* Voſcius (*in* Etymologic.) *judiciouſly holds* Petronius *to have uſed it in this place. Which I occaſionally touched upon, not as a defect of Judgment, but an exceſs of Charity in that learned and pious Divine;*

who

who was willing to honeſt the poor womans lapſe, by an interpretation to her moſt favorable, and to her Sex leaſt offenſive.

To return to my tracing of the Story it ſelf. Jan. Douſa, *in his Notes upon this Chapter of* Petronius, *tells us, that the very ſame Novel was put into elegant Latin verſe by one* Romulus, *an antique* Grammarian; *that long after that it was copiouſly written in the* German *language, and thence tranſlated again into Latin, by* Fr. Modius, *a Civilian, who changed the perſons, new-molded the Story, and publiſh'd it under this Title:* Ludus ſeptem ſapientum de Aſtrei, regii adoleſcentis, educatione, periculis, &c. *and that about the year of Chriſt* CIↃ. CC. *it was rendred in French Rithm by* Hebertus, *a Clerk. To theſe I could have added others alſo, through whoſe hands our Matron paſſed, had I not wanted the lateſt Edition of* Petronius *by* Gabbema, *who has been diligent in deriving*

deriving her pedigree; and to whom I am compelled to refer you. Mean while it is well known even to the vulgar of our Nation, that she hath found a place in the Book of the Seven Wise Masters; *and is the chief Person in the Comedy called the* Widdows Tears. *Now it being thus credible, that the* Ephesian *was no* Roman, *no Fairy or Child of Fancy, but a very* Woman *of flesh and blood, and notoriously manifest, that she hath been Favorite to many learned and grave Men, who have handed her down* (ὡς ἐν διὰ τῆς παραδόσεως) *from Nation to Nation, from age to age, keeping the torch of her beauty unextinct, and giving her a perpetual Youth by the* Nepenthe *of their immortal* Penns: *whoever shall take her for* Your *Daughter* (I do not say Mistress) *will discover ignorance enough to render him the subject of scorn and derision; nor will he more easily find belief among the sober and judicious, than if he should report you to be the* Souldier,

who

who cured her of her Grief, *by easing himself of his* Love.

As for the Last *Objection*, your fear to fall into the displeasure of the Ladies, *who being naturally jealous of the honour of their sex, possibly might suspect the Book to be at best but a well-disguis'd* Satyr *against* them: *I conceive that to be already sufficiently prevented, partly by what you have, in many places of the Book it self, said in honour of their Virtues; partly by my precedent solutions of your two former Objections. For, since I have made it apparent, that you are not the first Philosopher who hath exercised his wit and pen in consideration of their admirable power of* Love, *nor Author of Story of that Amorous Adventure of the* Ephesian, *which* Ladies *are most likely to condemn: I see no reason, why any Woman should take offence, for that you have in chast and unblameable language illustrated the* nature *of*

the

the Former, *by observing the wonderful* Accidents *of the* Later. *All causes are best known by their effects: and in all Arguments, simple* Discourses, *without* Examples, *are flat and unpersuasive. To me, therefore, it seems rather a virtue, than a fault in you, that having designed to examine the forces of that Universal Tyrann,* Love; *You made choice of a short and memorable Story, in which the same were clearly* Exemplified. *Besides this, I can alleage in your defence, what the learned* Mycillus, *being reprehended for transslating some of the profaner* Dialogues *of* Lucian, *pleaded in his own;* Operi susceptо serviendum fuit, *you were obliged to comply with your Province, and to prosecute the work you had taken in hand.*

If it be farther urged, that you bring in the Souldier most bitterly railing upon, and blaspheming the whole Sex, *I answer, that you could not with decency avoid it. Because you were bound in your*

Narra-

Narration to introduce him in that diſtemper of Paſſion, into which his misfortune and danger had tranſported him. Otherwiſe you could not conſerve the τὸ πρέπον *(as* Ariſtotle *properly calls it) the* Decorum *of either his Perſon, or his paſſion, or the Occaſion of it. For, he is delivered to have been no accompliſh'd and polite* Courtier, *nor unpaſſionate* Stoic, *but a blunt and* Choleric *Fellow, a* Common Souldier: *and being inraged at the ſtealing away of the Maleſactors Carcaſs from the Gibbet, and reflecting upon the obliging Lady (who, as you well obſerve, deſerved more reſpect and gratitude at his hands) as the chief cauſe of his negligence: it is highly probable, that he brake forth into dire imprecations & reproaches, ſuch perhaps as thoſe, in which you imagine him to have vented his furious reſentments. In* Poets, *all acknowledg it an* Excellency, *to accommodate every perſon whom they introduce, with language and action agreable to his Character & Paſſion:*

why

why then ſhould the ſame be a Vice *in you, where you were obliged to repreſent a perſon almoſt diſtracted with a ſyndrome of Remorſe, Fear, Anger and Deſpair; the leaſt of which was violent enough to make him forget his late obligations to his Miſtreſs, and the civility due to her Sex? So that it may with more juſtice be ſaid, that the Souldier put that invective* Harangue *into your Pen; than it can, that you put it into his mouth. In fine, I dare be ſo far your* Compurgator *in the caſe, as to ſwear, that it went againſt your very ſoul to be neceſſitated, by the condition of your Theme, to ſay any thing that tended to the diſparagement of the beautifull and delicate Sex: and however you may ſuffer by the prejudice of ſome* Ladies, *to whom your Perſon and Converſation are unknown; there are others, I am ſure, who will vindicate you from the infamy of a* Woman-hater.

Now,

Now, my dearest Friend, *if what you have heard me say here, in way of a short Remonstrance of the* Innocency *and* Candor *of your* Ephesian, *be judged by you sufficient to reconcile the Ladies to her, and my self to you, after my offence committed against both, in exposing her to publick censure: truly I shall think my self no less happy in being instrumental to your* vindication, *than I have thought my self unhappy in being so to your* Scandal. *If not, there is no way left for me to expiate my fault, but by involving my self also in the same danger, to which my excess of* good-nature *hath made you obnoxious. Having in sport thrown you into the river, and finding you unable to bear up against the impetuous torrent of* Feminine prejudice, *that is violent enough to overset a Navy: I am resolved to leap in after, and either save you from sinking, or perish with you. Well then, to let you see how far I dare to hazard my own fame, to preserve*

yours; behold a Second Matron, whose Amorous Adventure very neerly resembles that of the kind Ephesian. She in like manner falls into an Intrigue (as they now adays call it) with a Souldier, and at first sight too: and encountring no small difficulty in the pursuit of her love, is witty enough both to surmount that, and conceal her stoln pleasures, by a trick that pass'd for no less than a Miracle. Having found the Novel in the Comus sive Phagesiposia Cimmeria of that witty and erudite Noble Italian, Erycius Puteanus; and out of his elegant Latin translated into plain English; I now bring it as a Handmaid to wait upon the Ephesian, at least, if you think it worthy of that honour. And because I would have this Cimmerian come as neer to the Ephesian in Habit and Equipage, as she doth in Manners and Fortune; I have taken a little pains to dress her, as you did the other, like the Mistress of a Philosopher. Finding it very undecent

to

to interlace the Narration with Philoſophical Speculations, as you have done the former; becauſe her adventure admits no pauſes or intervals, wherein the Reader *ought to be diverted for* Modeſty *ſake: I have been conſtrained, therefore, to put all her* Garniture *in one place, at the end, where you will meet with it under the title of* The Myſteries and Miracles of Love. ¶

Here endeth the Squiers Prologue, and here after followeth his Tale.

to interlace the Narration with Philosophical Speculations, as you have done the former, because her adventure admits no pauses or intervals, wherein the Reader ought to be diverted for Modesty sake. I have been constrained, therefore, to put all her Garniture in one place, at the end, where you will meet with it under the title of The Mysteries and Miracles of Love. ¶

Here enters the Squires Apologue, and here after followeth his Tale.

B 2 THE

THE *CIMMERIAN* MATRON.

IN the Confines of *Cimmeria*, there, not long since lived a certain Gentlewoman, of shape more exact than a Statue formed by all the rules of *Leon Battista Alberti*; of features and complexion more sweet and delicate then those of *Venus* her self; of reputation as clear and immaculate as *Diana*. Wife she was to one, whom Usury had made Rich, and Riches eminent; with whom she enjoy'd all the pleasures of conjugal Love and Fidelity; not so much as dreaming of any content but in his indulgence and embraces.

But, ah! how mutable are humane Affections! how many faults doth time discover, which were before concealed! This Woman had but newly acquired the Fame of a chaste and obsequious Wife, when Lust succeeding into the place of honesty, wrought so unhappy a change in her, that now she began to nauseate the wholsome viands of the Marriage bed, and long for strange and forbidden delicates; insomuch, that her former humour of complacency and fondness by degrees degenerated into a perfect abhorrence of the Person and Company of her most uxorious Husband.

For, having by accident cast her eyes upon a young *Soldier*, naked, and bathing himself; Love entred into them together with the image of the tempting object. [*nudus membra Pyracmon*----

She saw the man, that he was like a Knight,
And suffisaunt of person and of might,
And like to been a very Gentilman,
And well his words he beset can,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formed well of brawne and of bones;
And after Venus had soche faireness,
That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse:
And well a Lord he seemed for to be,
And for he was a stranger, som what she

Liked

Liked him the bet; as God do bote,
To some folk often new thing is rote.]

Yet be not too severe in condemning the passion of a frail Woman, You who know how strong and quick assaults *Cupid* often makes upon Forts so weakly man'd, and with what irresistable Artillery he is provided. Her *Husband* observing a change in her, at first admired what should be the cause of her discontent, and coldness toward him; using in the mean time all imaginable caresses and endearments to sweeten her melancholly, and dispel those gloomy clouds that had overcast her joys. After all his Courtship and Arts of Kindness proving unsuccessful, he grew suspicious (what was indeed too true) that she had removed her Affection from him, and fix'd it upon some other person. For, though she carefully conceal'd from him her flame, and often endeavour'd to suppress it, even with showrs of tears, especially when 'twas newly kindled; yet that, like wild-fire, raging the more by opposition, and breaking forth in flashes of discontent, she was not able so to hide it, but that he perceived her heart was scorch'd. Her melancholly had quite altered the

graceful and charming Aire of her face, consumed her spirits, destroyed the Roses in her cheeks, bedimm'd the lustre of her sparkling eyes, and reduced her to a dejected and languishing condition. To these symptoms you may add restless nights, broken discourses, love of solitude, sudden startings, unwilling sighs, and all other signs, by which a wounded heart is forced to betray it self. No wonder then, if the vigilant *Usurer* soon became confirmed in his jealousie; which yet he used as much cunning to obscure from her, as she had to conceal her passion from him. But Love is no less difficult to be resisted, than to be disguised; and now our impatient *Matron* can no longer live without the help of her Gallant.

Having therefore some knowledge of a certain wise Woman of the same Town, one of the Grand-daughters of *Pandarus*, such as the *French* call *Messageurs d' Amour*, a *Bawd* of Quality, she addresses to her, and without much difficulty engages her to go Ambassadress to the Man of Arms, and negotiate with him about a firm League of Love, and a private interview upon the first fair opportunity. In this Treaty, there

there needed not much of Rhetorick on the part of this *Oratrix*, the Soldier, (who was indeed so handsome and proper a Fellow, that *Diana* her self might without any disparagement to her judgement, have preferred him to *Endymion*; and wanted not wit enough to serve himselfe of so advantagious an occasion) accepting and assenting to the conditions proposed with all alacrity and gratitude imaginable. So that now nothing was wanting to the mutual ratification of the amorous Ligue, but an opportunity for the two *Princes* (for, such their *hopes* had made them) interchangeably to *sign* and *Seal*, which the watchfulness of the jealous *Husband* made extreamly difficult: he making it his main business to observe, not only all the motions of her feet, and whither she went at any time, but those also of her eies; so that you would have thought the beatious *Jo* once again committed to the custody of *Argus*.

Among a thousand other plots and stratagems his troubled Imagination suggested to him, towards the discovery of what he equally fear'd and desir'd to know, he at last fixes upon this, as most hopeful, to pretend a journey from home,

home, and by an unexpected return to surprize his wife; confident, by this artifice, he should at length arrive at the certain knowledge both of the nature and cause of her disease: According to this politick resolution, he prepares for a long journey, and dissembling a sad valediction to his dear *Fidessa* (who, you may believe, as truly counterfeited sorrow as himselfe, and moistned her parting kisses with artificial tears) sets forth early in the morning, in an hour long wish't for on both sides, nor unlucky to either.

No sooner was the *Husband* gone, than the glad *Wife* thinking that now the propitious time drew near, when her desires should be crown'd with solid pleasures, and her imaginary embraces exchanged for real ones; soon gave Commission to her *Emissary*, who was the very buckle and thong of Venery, instantly to advertise her *Paramore*, that the Festival of Love was come, and that the Husbands departure had open'd the door to their meeting with freedom and security. This welcome message was as speedily delivered as received, and an *Assignation* made, that immediately after the wearied Sun had resigned

resigned his Empire in the upper Hemisphere to Night, and mortals began to supply his absence with an artificial day of Candle-light; our valiant and well provided Lover should come to the back door of his *Saints* Chappel, by which he should be introduced and conducted into the *Chancel*, and thence to the *Altar*, upon which he was to offer up his Sacrifice and pay his vows; and that done, return to his quarters, without the least suspicion of the Neighbours. In the mean time, lest the Incense he brought with him might not be sufficient to maintain the flame of love the whole night, and his zeal cool through too much fervency at first; the provident *Matron* made ready a *Collation* of generous Wines, Conserves, and other restorative *quelques Choses*, to help carry on the work; and set them in order upon a little Table in her bed-chamber. She contrived also her affair so circumspectly, as to send her *Chamber-maid*, who was indeed the Husbands principal spie over her, to the wedding of a Neighbours Daughter, not without reason, presuming that the wenches curiosity to pry into the pleasant rites of the Bridal night, and her ambition

ambition to be moſt lucky in the ſuperſtitious ſport of throwing the Brides ſtocking, would long enough divert her from her charge at home. And thus far all things went on according to their wiſhes, nor did any thoughts diſquiet the calmer breaſts of our pair of Lovers, but ſuch as uſually ariſe from vehement *expectation*; the Soldier dreaming of nothing but Victory, Triumph, and Spoils; and the Lady of high content in having her Fort new man'd, and making the Aſſailant her Captive. But, O, the capricioufneſs of *Fortune*! or rather the vigilance of *Jealouſie*!

The appointed hour being at length come, the punctual *Soldier* making haſte to enter upon his Duty, to guard the fair *Matron* from Spectres and Goblins, in the abſence of her Husband; advanceth to the poſtern door of her houſe, as he had been directed, but finding it ſhut, and hearing no noiſe within, he made a halt, and very diſcreetly forbearing to knock, fell to the poſture of a diligent *Sentinel*, ſoftly walking to and fro in the narrow Alley that led to the houſe from the Street, where while he was exerciſing his patience, it moſt unluckily hapned, that the no leſs

vigilant

vigilant and impatient *Husband*, (who had conceal'd himself at a Friends in the Neighbourhood) returned by the same Alley, and stealing along as softly and warily as a Thief to commit Burglary, takes good notice of the night-walker, whom he immediately concluded within himself to be the *Mars*, on whom his *Venus* was so *furiously* enamour'd; whereupon, entring his house, and locking the door behind him, with as little noise as a Pick-lock; he finds his wife in a dress of neat and rich night-linnen, like a Bride going to bed, which adding more Fewel to his suspicion, and exasperating the sense of his wrong; he puts on the countenance of rage and terror, with enflamed and threatning eyes staring, as *Cæsars* Ghost upon *Brutus*, upon his poor surprised wife, who stood as still, by reason of her astonishment, as if she had been congealed by lightning, or transformed into a Statue. For *shame upon the unexpected frustration of an evil design, doth usually produce confusion.* Her soul, conscious of infidelity hitherto only in imagination and design, began to presage more evils, than it could have deserved, had her design succeeded into Act; the

the violence of her passion being favourably considered. But, could she so soon have recollected her disordered spirits, and recovered the use of her tongue; her Husband's fury would have restrain'd her, and he yet could only breath revenge, not utter it in words. After a little pause, going into her bed-chamber, he there encounters with fresh causes of suspicion; the dressing-Table by the bed-side richly furnisht with provoking delicates, clean sheets, perfum'd pillows, and above all, his spie, the *Chambermaid*, conjur'd out of the way; confirm'd in his jealousie by these convincing signs, he now meditates upon nothing but Revenge, and how to effect it with the more security and apparence of justice. Resolved, therefore, by cruelty to extort a Confession, and so make her her own accuser; without speaking a word, he strips her to her snow-white skin, and carrying her down into the Porch, there binds her delicate Arms to one of the Pillars: had you been so happy to have beheld her in that deplorable posture, doubtless you would have thought you had seen the beautiful *Andromede* a second time chained naked to a Rock, and one,

though

though perhaps not quite so chaste as she, yet, if Beauty had its due,

She could not merit any bonds, beside
Those, with which Lovers mutually are tyed,

and well worthy another *Perseus* to deliver, love and enjoy her. The hard-hearted *Usurer*, fancying to himself some satisfaction in this first Act of the Tragedy he intended, retires to his bed (though likely to have but a melancholy night of it, without his Consort) hoping by sleep to recompose his troubled mind.

In the mean time, our *Man of War*, who had promised to himself the height of all enjoyments, lay (Soldier like) perdue in the open Air; and when he had, till almost midnight in vain watched his Mistresses door, which still continued as fast shut, as the Temple of *Janus* in time of peace, he returns back to the house of his *She-Officer the Bawd*, whom he found halfe naked, and prepared to keep one of *Venus*'s *Vigils* with a *Client* of hers (for her Clients were often forced to gratifie her, for soliciting their Love-causes, with such Fees) whom at that very hour she expected.

expected. *He, Mother,* says he, *with what tedious hope do I purchase from the Lady the pleasure promised me? I have already consumed a whole hour (longer indeed than a whole winters night) in fruitless expectation; while she, who sought my Love, and made the Assignation, hath not vouchsafed to open the door. 'Tis very strange, methinks, unless having forgot both her self and her appointments, she hath buried her amour in sleep. Gaffer says, dear Mother, and enquire the cause of my disappointment, and what commands the Lady hath for me; if to readvance, lo, I am ready for the combat, if to retreat, I am as ready to march off with flying Colours, and deferr the encounter till another night.* Scarcely were these last words out of his mouth, when the *Bawd*, incited partly by the sense of her honour (for those of her Trade must be punctual in their assignations) and partly by commiseration of his impatience, hastily casting a *Mantle*, (a most useful garment in such cases) over her shoulders, catches the *Soldier* by the hand, and conducts him back to the door; which she opens with a Key given her by the *Matron* some while before, for her private access upon occasion,

and

and entreating him to stand close and silent for a few minutes without, she passes on through the Wood-yard and a little Garden, till she arrived at the walk under the Porch, where groping along, she had almost run her head against the living Statue there bound to a Pillar; which she no sooner discerned, but surprized with horror as at sight of a Ghost or Apparition, she stood still and gazed with affrighted eyes. The milky whiteness of the *Matrons* skin to some degree, overcame the darkness of the moonless night, nor would it suffer her to be longer unperceived; so that the *Lady* soon recovering her self out of her first consternation, boldly approaches to the *Lady*, and, omitting to enquire into the cause of her being in that strange and lamentable condition, delivers in few words the *Soldiers* message, even at that time not ungrateful to the receiver; for, the *Lady* finding the chains of Love more intollerable, than those of her barbarous Husband; and endowed with a *Wit* no whit inferior to her Beauty, soon apprehended, that now she had an opportunity to convert this her misfortune into a benefit, and that she ought not to despond, nor de-

spair of reaping the delights, which the jealousie of her Husband had hitherto prevented. Thus reanimated with fresh hope, she begins to wheadle the *Engineer of Lust*, and pouring the oyl of good language and endearing expressions into her ears, *My dearest Mother*, says she, *my good Angel, I can bear this my affliction with patience, becoming the undaunted resolution of a Lover; yea more, I can change it into a compleat Felicity, if you will but vouchsafe me your assistance; I know no way to revenge my Husbands cruelty, but to deserve it by acting what he so much fears. Help me then to meet and embrace my Lover, that he who hath so kindly entertain'd my invitation, so justly observed our appointment, may neither accuse me of breach of faith, nor want the reward due to his Fidelity. Let your courteous hands untie the knots that hamper mine, and for a few minutes free me from these bonds, that I may really deserve them.* These charms soon wrought upon the good nature of the *Bawd*, who was the very *Rene* of Concupiscence; so that she readily disingaged her Daughter from the cold embraces of the Pillar.

Who

Who being thus happily at liberty, assumes more Courage and Wit from her adventure; and falls to perswade her deliverer to suffer her self to be bound with the same Cord, and to supply her room only while she hasted to her *Gallant*, to give him an assurance of her constancy; she told her, there could be no hazard in the enterprize, since her Husband was in his bed and fast asleep, and all the world but themselves at quiet, and within two minutes she would return and relieve her. Hereto she added such golden promises, as might have overcome a mind much more obstinate and doubtful than the *Gaul's*, who boggled at no danger to oblige a friend; but accordingly shifting her *Mantle* (some will have it to be only a *Blanket*) from her own shoulders to the *Matrons*, readily yielded her self to be bound to the Pillar, in the same manner as she had found her Predecessor. This certainly was a most pleasant Scene, well worthy a Theatre, and might make a good plot for a *Tragico-comedy*. The *Matron* leaving her Deputy thus bound and naked, yet without impeachment of her modesty; and mounting on the wings of love, fled

in an instant to her *Paramour*: 'Twas a bold and adventurous Act this, for a Woman so lately surprized, so cruelly treated, so miraculously delivered, nay, not yet delivered from danger of greater torments, and perhaps of death; thus to throw her self into the Arms of her Adulterer, to force even destiny it self to give way to the satisfaction of her desires. But *Love inspires Audacity and Contempt of all perils into the Weakest and most timorous hearts*.

Hardly had the greedy *Matron* with silence expres'd her joy, and tasted the first dish of Loves Banquet, *Kisses*, a dish that doth at once satisfie and provoke the Appetite; when the *Soldier*, deceived by the *Mantle* she had borrowed, and mistaking her for the true owner thereof, began to put her from him, as scorning to use his Arms against so base and impudent an Enemy; but she soon guessing at the cause of his aversion, by her harmonious voice, which yet she durst not raise above a whisper, convinced him of his error, and restored him to a due assurance, that he had the person he look'd for, and no *Changeling*: Whereupon, omitting all further ceremonies, he did his devoir to verifie

the

the good opinion she had at first sight, when he was bathing himself, conceived of his *good parts*; and she, on the other side (if at least there were now any distinction of sides) did hers, to fix him in a confidence, that her Love was *true* and unfeigned.

While these our zealous votaries to the Goddess of Pleasures, are at their silent devotions; the silly *Cuckold*, (now I think we may call him so) her *Husband*, who is an example of that Sentence in *Seneca*, that *many times, by seeking to avoid dangers, we run headlong into the midst of them*, was in a slumber, wherein his perturbed imagination presented to him dismal and infaust visions: he dreamed that he saw his wife sacrificing her honour, and doing that odious Act, that drew an indelible stain and reproach upon him and his whole Family; having broken her bonds asunder, and mixing her self with her armed Adulterer in closest embraces; that himself, while he was labouring to revenge the contumelious injury, was transformed into a *Satyr*: The horror of this ominous dream interrupting his slumber, and his Fancy retaining a deep impression of those dire Phan-

tasines, he begins to believe his transformation to be real, and feels his Nose, if it were not grown crooked like a *Satyr's*; his Forehead, if it were not armed with Antlers; his Thighs, if they were cloth'd with shaggy hair; his feet, if they were not cloven, and his Toes turned into hoofs; then still credulous of the first part of his vision, he leaps out of his bed, throws open the window, and calls aloud upon his wife, who was now either out of hearing, or not at leasure to give answer to his curses and reproaches; But alas! the Reverend *Bail*, her *Confident*, heard and trembled; she now, though too late, found the error of her kindness, and saw no way to safety but by obstinate silence, which she with more resolution and constancy kept, than one of *Pythagoras* Scholars during his novitiate, in spite of the ingeminated exclamations of the inraged *Malbecca*, who exasperated by that Contempt (for so he understood it) and fancying some Divine suggestions to revenge from the *Genius* of the Marriage-bed, snatches up a Razor that lay in the Window, runs down the Stairs in the dark, and flying most furiously at the very face of his wifes

Deputy,

Deputy, catches her fast by her Nose, and with one well-guided slash cuts it quite off, then flinging the same in her face; *Thou worst of Women*, saith he, *worthy of a greater brand of infamy, there, take that token of my hate, and send it for a present to thy Adulterer; who perhaps will either grow more enamour'd upon this change of thy forme, this new-model'd face; or confess thee to have a better Title to his love by thy sufferings for his sake.* Thus insulting over the miserable wretch, and triumphing in his revenge, he returns to his thorny bed, there with sleep to ease his head, now in truth much *heavier* than before: What shall I say of the poor mangled and noseless *Bawd*? only this, that her fear of a worse accident, if she were known to her Tormentor, made her undergoe her pains and loss with more than a *Spartan* patience: Unhappy friendship! sad Exchange! it was her lot to be drencht with the Gall of Love, while the Matron suck'd the Honey of it: her evil destiny to be besmear'd with her own blood, while the more guilty wife was anointed with the Butter of Joy. Thus in *Duels*, we see, often the *seconds* are wounded,

while the *Principals* remain unhurt.

The Schismatical *Nose* was scarcely grown cold, when our *Faustina*, having finished her first trial of skil with her *Gladiator*, and with a thousand parting kisses dismiss'd him to recruit his spirits lost in the conflict, returns with the joys of a double victory to her Post. But, how short-lived a thing is sensual delight! how evanid are all our triumphs! when she understood the sufferings of her *Martyr*, the Sun-shine of her content was in a moment darkned with clouds of grief and dreadful apprehensions, and all her exulting smiles exchanged for tears and dejection of Mind. But *Grief and Fear, are almost as bad Counsellors as Love*, which our witty *Matron* well understanding, and remembring withal, that Nature had furnished her whole Sex with a faculty of quick invention, how to evade approaching danger, and to conceal faults; re-assures her self, and sets her brain on work how to palliate this wound, which was past her cure. She hath recourse, therefore, to the Art of Consolation, and endeavours to mitigate the *Bawds* dolours with an *Anodyne* of kind and "commiserating language. She bids

her

"her not to be cast down with her mis-
"fortune, which, carried with bravery
"and discretion, might turn to her ad-
"vantage, and prove a noble experi-
"ment of her Fidelity among all the
"*Cimmerians*; that the segment of her
"Nose would be to *Venus* an offering as
"grateful and propitiatory, as locks of
"*hair* to other *Deities*; that if in a Sol-
"dier wounds in the face were honoura-
"ble witnesses of his courage and brave-
"ry; why should not those received in
"the service of *Venus* be likewise ac-
"counted marks of Gallantry and a da-
"ring spirit: that though the now morti-
"fied *Nose* could not be set on again (for
"*Tagliacotius* lived a great way off *Cim-*
"*meria*) yet the wound would be easily
"cured; and at worst, if she were so foo-
"lish to resolve not to live without one
"(a thing many a person of greater qua-
"lity had done before her) she would
"cause a new one to be made for her of
"much more value, and better mettal
"than the first. This last promise mol-
lified more than all the consolatory rea-
sons precedent, and the *Bawd* (who
had a Soul so abject and Mercenary,
that she would for Money have sold
her eyes, and ears too into the bargain)
becom's

becom's pacified and comforted therewith; then being loosed from the Pillar, and binding the *Matron* (who desired it) to the same; she gropes out the piece of her Nose, wraps it up in a corner of her Mantle, and away she trudges in quest of a *Chirurgeon*; locking the back door very carefully after her, and reflecting upon the ill success of her *obligation*.

King *Salomon* reckoning *Conies* among the four sorts of Animals, that being little, are yet exceeding wise, saith of them, that *being a generation not strong, they make holes for themselves among the Rocks*. The same may be said of *Women*, who wanting strength to assert their faults, yet have cunning enough to hide them; they make burrows of excuses, and run into them, when in danger to be taken: Like Statesmen, who have for their Impress a Glass Bee-hive, with this Motto, *Nulli patet opus*; they do their business in the dark, or, (as a witty *Italian* expresseth it) *desmienten lo transparente con un vanno de cera*, they smear over their Hives with wax, so that no eye can pry into the secrets of their workings, or be able to trace them in their

amorous

amorous ſtealths; if you doubt of this, you ſhall ſee it verified in the fourth Act of this our Tragicomedy, which we are now arrived at.

The *Band* being handſomly conjur'd away, the coaſt clear, and all the world at reſt; our ſubtle *Matron*, after a ſhort meditation, hath found out a way, if it ſucceed, not only to diſſemble her joyful Treaſon, but to appear ſtill innocent and faithful to her *Husband*; yea, yet farther, to invert the guilt upon him, and bring him at laſt to confeſs himſelf to have been in an error. This, you'l ſay, is ſomewhat difficult: but, remember ſhe is a *woman* and in *Love*, and then you'l conceive it to be facil. Having formed the deſign, ſhe delays not to put it in execution. Counterfeiting therefore, an appeal to the *Moon* (then newly riſen above the verge of the Horizon) with a voice raiſed by degrees from a low whiſper to a pitch high enough to reach the poor *Cuckolds* ears, ſhe invocates her help and protection, in ſuch verſes as theſe.

Siſter of Jove, *Queen Regent of the night,*
From whom the meaner Stars derive their light;

Or

Or wouldst be worshipt by great Juno's *name,*
Joves Wife, or Sister, thou art still the same.
That Sov'raign Dame, who art the Deity
Of wedlock rites and femal Chastity.
Why with auspicious Omens did I pay
My Nuptial vows upon my Marriage day?
If with an unconcern'd and even face
Thou dost behold the Mischiefs of this place.
And you bright Planets, Heavens unerring eyes,
With which by night, he things on earth descriss,
You witnesses of my pure innocence,
(Who yet, as Judges, my hard fate dispense)
Don't you grow dimm with horror, thus to see
A jealous Husbands causeless cruelty?
See, naked, bound, and mangled here I grone,
And expiate offences not my own.
If then the vertuous you can thus torment,
For these rewards, who would be innocent?

Methinks, I now seem but my own pale Ghost;
Beauty and Fame (a Womans soul) are lost.
Though pure from Thought, or Act, yet wretched I,
Must wear a face, that gives my heart the lie.
Why live I thus? why does this mangled shape
Confine that soul, which would so faine escape?
To die is better, and one blow to give,
Than rob'd of Honour, nay and Beauty, live.
To die is best indeed; but, oh, the hands,
That should performe my freer Wills commands,
Alas, are fetter'd! ——————

For death, when courted, from us then to flie,
Forcing to live, 'tis then he makes us die.

Ah, cruel Man! here thou hast instruments found
Beyond these bands, beyond this horrid wound.
Happy Lucretia, *since thou could'st attest*
Thy innocence, by piercing of thy breast;
Whilst thus expiring in thy Husbands arms,
Ev'n in thy death couldst gain more pow'rful charms.
Thou Chast art call'd, because thou couldst but die,
Whilst death to me doth that relief deny.

Thou Goddess wert severe unto thy Jove,
And Heav'n couldst purge from his unlawful love:
If to bad Women thou so just art known,
Wilt thou not vindicate an honest one?
Behold with pity, and do not despise (eyes.
Tears mixt with blood, which flow from mournful
Punish the jealous Man, and make him feel
The sad effects of his own cruel steel,
Shew him his crime, and what 'tis let him know,
T'offend a Woman, and a Goddess too.
At least be just, and my late form restore
With my lost fame, or let me be no more.

Having breath'd forth this supplication in a languishing tone, and made it seem more pathetical by interposing now and then a profound sigh or two (and indeed of all our Passions none are

more

more easily counterfeited then *Zeal* and *Sorrow*) on a suddain changing the key of her voice into a confused murmur, and then to that of a civil conference, she dissembled a familiar Dialogue with the *Deity*, whose aid she had newly implored: and in fine, as if her prayer had been heard, and her petition miraculously granted, with an elevated voice she makes an *apostrophe* to her Husband, exclaiming against his improsperous tyranny in these words.

Ho, thou most barbarous of men, whom Fury in humane shape, thy bloody rage against thy chastest wife hath proved thy own undoing. The mercy of the Celestial Powers hath overcome thy Cruelty, lest my virtue might suffer by thy undeserved and base Suspicions. Now shalt thou be forced to confess, what thy impiety made me doubt of, that I am innocent, and that

There is a God who sees and notes our deeds.

I am convinced, I am convinced, it is now that Juno, Protectress of conjugal Chastity, who compassionating my sufferings, hath by Miracle restored that amiable form of mine, which thou, distracted with jealousie, hast destroyed. See

then

then, desperate Villain, and sheath that bloody knife of thine in thy own inhuman bowels; that so unworthy a wretch may no longer enjoy the happiness of so faithful and spotless a Wife. Having obtained so signal a favour from the immortal Gods, well may I contemn and bid defiance to the anger of a Mortal Man, especially one so wicked, so degraded by his crimes.——— O night! more illustrious than the brightest day. O hour! more fortunate than that of my birth.——— Now flow on, flow on officious Tears, but from a different passion. But, thou execrable Hangman, sacrilegious Thief, hasten hither to be convinced of my purity, and thy crime; make haste, I say, that, if it be possible, thou mayst make attonement for the innocent blood thou hast spilt, and for the sacrilege thou hast committed, and so in time appease the wrath of an offended Goddess.

This triumphant *Harangue* arriving at the ears of the poor *Cornuto*, her *Husband* (whom disquiet of mind kept from sleep) it alarmd all his Faculties, and put him into so great a confusion, that giving but little credit to his sense, he lay a good while considering the pro-

probability of what he heard. At first he thought it an *Illusion* (since to Nature it is much easier to make a man dream impossibilities, than to effect them) and began therefore to feel if his Eyes were open, that he might thereby be certified, whether he were awake, or not. Then finding it to be no dream, and hearing his Wife continue her Speech, and denouncing a deluge of dire Judgments against him; his rage and jealousie began at once to give place to as vehement Fear and Remorse. Rising therefore hastily from his bed, and lighting a candle, down he goes, resolved to make his eyes judges of the truth of what he durst not believe upon the single testimony of his ears. Arrived at the fatal Pillar, the scene of such prodigious accidents, and beholding his Wifes face attentively, he found it perfect, and without the least sign of hurt, nay not so much as stain'd with a drop of blood; and her hands still tied as he had at first left them. Whereat astonish't, and persuaded in himself, that so supernatural an event, as the restauration of a Nose cut off, could not come to pass but by power *Divine*; he sunk down into an abhorrence

rence of his wicked fact, and of the no lefs abominable motive thereof, his jealouſie; dreading withall ſome dire puniſhment from the juſt anger of the Gods. Then caſting himſelf upon the pavement, in token of his ſorrow and contrition, he waſhes out the bloody ſtains thereof with penitential tears. Which done, he kneels in adoration of ſo manifeſt a *Miracle*, and in humble but fervent prayers, begs pardon firſt of Heaven, then of his Wife (too wife to be inexorable) for the horrid effect of his outragious Paſſion. Which when ſhe, *good Soul*, had graciouſly promiſed upon a ſolemn vow of reformation of Manners on his part, tranſported with joy, he unties the cord, ſets her at liberty, kiſſes her all over, and leads her to bed, there to ſeal his reconciliation to her, now a rare Example of unſpotted Chaſtity. Thus, bleſt be the God of Love! Our witty *Matron*, hath at once recovered three moſt precious things, her *Noſe*, her *Honour*, and her Husbands *Love*.

Not long after this happy concluſion or *Cataſtrophe*, the *Bawd*, well rewarded with a purſe of money for her loſs and ſecrecy, and hoping to mend her

fortunes by removing to a place of better trading; packs up her baggage, and marches away to the Court of *Comus*, King of the *Cimmerians*: where she now lives no small Favourite, and exercising her talent every day, in laying new designs, and managing the close intrigues of Love betwixt Ladies and their Gallants. Wherein long practice hath made her so excellent, that if any Woman in that Court, be she Maid, Wife, or Widow, please you; and if you commit the matter to her contrivement and intercession: you need not doubt the success.

As for the *Souldier*, though my *Author* sayes no more of him, but what I have recounted; yet, considering that he was a man of honour, a Son of *Mars*, it is not to be doubted, but that he continued secret and faithful to his *Venus*. Nor is it less probable that *She*, a gracious and obliging Mistress, continued to love him better, than she did her *Usurer*, notwithstanding her remission of his cruel usage, and readmission of him to her grace and favour. Whereupon I cannot at any time reflect, without acknowledging the goodness of *Proserpine*, in keeping her promise made

to the Lady *May* in *Chaucer*; which was this, in her answer to *Pluto*, who would fain restore to *January*, her Husband, his sight, that he might see his Esquire, *Damian*, making him *Cuckold* in a Pear-tree.

You shall (quoth Proserpine) and well ye so?
Now by my Mothers Soul, Sir, I swere,
That I shall yeven her sufficient answere,
And all women after for her sake;
That though they ben in any gilte itake,
(cuse,
With face bolde, they shullen hemselve ex-
And bere hem doun, that wold hem accuse.
For lack of answere, non of hem shull dien,
All had he sey a thing with both his eyen:
Yet should we women so visage it hardely,
And wepe, and swere, and chide subtelly;
That men shall ben as leude as Gees.
What recketh me of your auctoritees, &c.

Explicit Historia, & sequuntur Mysteria Amoris.

THE Mysteries and Miracles OF LOVE.

SECT. I.

LOVE is a Ghest sooner entertain'd, than perceived; and yet sooner perceived than known, and much easier known than understood; better understood, than defined or described. As if it challenged only the Heart for its proper apartment, and disdained any remove up into the Brain: as if it took delight to be felt not shewn: as if being possessed the recesses of the heart, it feared to be ejected thence, if it once came neer the Tongue. Like Holy Writ, it admits

mits of no Interpreter but it ſelf: nor do we come to know it by either precepts or examples; but by *Infuſion*. You may affirm ſafely, that *Cupid* is not only blind, but alſo dumb: making all parts of the body vocal, except the tongue. Hence it is, that Lovers are more eloquent in their ſighs than in their words, as if no meſſengers were ſo fit to convey their ſentiments, as their vital breath: and like *Paphian* Doves, they grone forth living Epiſtles. Nay, they diſcourſe together ſilently by the rhetorick of their fingers, and weave dialogues in Chaplets. By affable nods, and darted ſmiles, the vocal Ambaſſadors of deſire, they treat about their union; and read each others Soul in glances. Their *Colloquies*, like thoſe of Angels, are made by *intuition*: and they expreſs themſelves alſo, like them, not by the Intellect, but the *Will*.

Oblique intuens inde nutibus ——
Nutibus mutuis inducens in errorem
mentem puellæ:
Et illa contra nutibus mutuis juvenis
Leandri, quod amorem non renuit, &c.

is *Muſæus* his deſcription of the Eye-parly between *Leander* and *Hero*. Some-

times fixing their wandring countenances, as upon strangers, while they openly decline and renounce acquaintance, they become secretly familiar. Sometimes their contracted brows threaten displeasure; but at the same time they contract them with such sweetness, that they rather invite than discourage; and their very frowns are obliging. Sometimes their Souls interchangeably sally forth at their Eyes, and steal kisses at a distance; and then return home again triumphing in their invisible thefts. Thus both sides gain, yet neither loses; both lose and both gain. Their chief aim is, to be surprised: and yet their chief pleasure and glory is, not to be perceived. Thus that which is so often brought into the Theatre, flies all spectators, and acts in its own person. These Divine Confabulators, as if placed above the lawes of sense, by most certain Auguries divine each others wishes, and search each others heart without dissecting the breast. They are a kind of *Seers*, that behold the desires of their Correspondent, as it were spectres; which like *Catoptrical Images*, are not perceived but by the same art, that created them; or, like the Deities

of

of old iſſuing from their Statues, they inſpire the perſon, to whom they ſpeak; as if two Minds met to animate one Body, and converſed together with no leſs ſilence, than one uſes to converſe with it ſelf alone. Of all our affections, this alone knows not to be expreſſed; and the ſacred rites thereof (as thoſe of the moſt ancient Gods of the Heathen) are performed in the dark. Though the paſſion be of it ſelf innocent, yet it is alwayes conjoyned with ſecret ſhame: and the ſame bluſhes that betray our flame, ſtrive to hide it.

Alterno facies ſibi dat reſponſa rubore,
Et tener affectum prodit utrique pudor;

as that merry-conceited *Arnulphus, Epiſcopus Lexovienſis*, hath well expreſſed in a facete *Epigram* of his. Every Love hath its *Flammeum*, as well as *Hymen*: and at the *Eluſinean* ſacrifices both ſexes are veild. All the Votaries of *Venus*, as well as her darling *Æneas*, walk ſurrounded with clouds; and they frequent even publick Theatres inviſibly. Nay *Cupid* himſelf, not contented with a ſingle Veil, contrives alſo Ambuſhes for more ſecreſy: and oftner takes in Hearts by ſtratagem

and surprize, than by storm. Thus He that composed and maintains the World in order, left himself in confusion; dwelling in a retreat of the antient darkness, and primitive Chaos. ¶.

SECT. II.

HIs *Mother* too avoids the light ever since he was born; as being as much ashamed of his childish treacheries, as offended with the Sun, for discovering her in the arms of *Mars*. She obscures her self in a Labyrinth, and admits no Eye to prie into her Closet: nay, in her chiefest solaces she uses to shut her own eyes, as being jealous lest they should discover too much of her divinity. She is the true *Sphinx*, that subdues and destroyes by a Riddle: more, she makes every man a Riddle to himself, while being by contrary passions agitated, and hurried up and down by the flux and reflux of his own violent thoughts, he at once finds himself a *Captive*, and strives to be a *Conqueror*. And this the capricious Lad, her Son, assists her to effect; that we poor Mortals may believe, she was begotten betwixt the winds and waves in a Tempest.

No

No wonder then, if Love seem Ænigmatical and full of contradictions. It is not easily intelligible, how the same person can at the same time both *serve* and be *free*; have all his Faculties devoted to the pleasure of another, and yet preserve the command of his own Will; make an absolute resignation of himself, and yet pretend not only to Liberty, but to *Dominion*: and yet Love doth soon reconcile these repugnances; and bring his Subjects to govern by obedience, teaching them, like the Freedmen of some Roman Emperours, *obsequii titulo Dominis imperare*, to rule their Soveraigns will by observance of it, and alter their counsels by obsequiousness and complacency.

Nor is it less difficult to conceive, that one can die, and instantly revive again; yea, be *alive* and *dead* at once; or, like the *Phœnix*, build his own both funeral and vital fire, out of which he reassumes a more vigorous and Youthful Being, than what the flames consumed. Yet nothing is more frequent among Lovers; whom the miraculous Chymistry of Love, by a most pleasant *Palingenesis*, restores from their ashes to their primitive state and forme.

A man would think at firſt, that no two things in Nature are more incompatible, more inconſiſtent, more reciprocally deſtructive, than thoſe two contrary Paſſions, *Love* and *Hate*; the former cauſing *ſweet* and *agreeable* motions in the ſpirits, and blood, and fibres of the Heart; the later, *unequal*, *harſh* and *offenſive* ones: the one tending to *Complacency* and *Vnion*; the other to *Abhorrence* and *Flight*: the one aiming at the *Felicity*, the other at the *Deſtruction* of its Object: but upon a ſecond and more ſerious conſideration of the matter, he ſhall find, that in the breaſt of even the moſt ardent and refined *Inamourato* theſe two ſo profeſſed *Enemies* are become not reconciled, but *Twins*, and thoſe too not ſuch as *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, riſing and ſetting alternately, but like *Lazarus* and his *Brother*, growing together, ſo that one is not only an individual Companion, but alſo an *Appendix*, or rather an *integrant part* of his fellow. For, the *Servant* alwayes wiſhes his Miſtreſs *leſs Happy* than ſhe is, that ſo his affection may appear more pure, more ſincere, and determined upon her *Perſon* alone. Is ſhe *wiſe* and diſcreet; He preſently repro-

ches

ches the Stars, that favour'd her with ſo ſtrong a defence; as conceiving, that if her Brain were leſs ſound, her Heart would be more tender, and that if ſhe had leſs *wit*, himſelf would be leſs ſubject to her *Contempt*. Is ſhe in *Health*, He ſecretly invocates *Jove* to afflict her with *Sickneſs*, that he may have that occaſion to demonſtrate his grief, his tenderneſs, his ſympathy. Is ſhe *Rich*, He cannot forbear to wiſh her in *Want*, that he might endow her with his Fortune. Is ſhe at *Liberty*, He longs to ſee her a *Captive*, that he may merit her favour by hazarding all in her redemption. Is her *Fame* clear and immaculate; how glad would he be ſome licentious tongue would defile her Honour, that he might waſh away the ſtains, though with his blood. Is her *Birth* and *Quality* noble; he would fain degrade her, that ſhe might derive all her Dignity from the Generoſity of his Love. In a word, in ſome ſort or other He wiſhes her *Miſerable*, that he may have the glory to *relieve* her, and that her own *Neceſſity* may draw, rather than his Courtſhip and Obſervance invite her to his embraces. He had rather be her *Sanctuary*, than her *Conqueror*. Now

is not here a certain *Malignity* mixt with *Benevolence*; *Zeal* tempered with *Hate*; *Inhumanity* proceeding from excess of *Kindness*; *Cruelty* conjoyned with the greatest *Charity*? Yet such is the Constitution of Love. *Cupid* has no darts headed with pure Gold. What God soever made and tippd his Shafts, served him as the χρυσοχάλκης (as *Rivalius* calls him) the treacherous Artist did *Hiero*, King of *Syracuse* in casting his Crown, put in a great deal of Copper among the Gold. Which is perhaps one reason why the wounds of Lovers are so painful and apt to fester; it being the nature of Brass to ulcerate and breed Cancers. I think it therefore no blasphemy against the so much adored Divinity of Love, to affirm, that it always hath some alloy of that Devil, *Malice*: and that *no Man love's without Indignation*. Especially when I reflect upon this, that the torments he suffers cannot but force him even against his will to execrate his fair Tormentor; to be angry with the Thief, that robb'd him of himself; to wish that bright flame obscured or extinct, that burns his wings, though, like the foolish Butterfly, he at the same time ceases not to flutter about it, and

(as

(as a Modern Wit finely expreſſes it) *beato ſui necis autore*, to enjoy his Murderer. Nor is it the poor neglected and deſpiſed Lover, that alone hath reaſon to complain of, and reproach his Miſtreſs; even the moſt proſperous and triumphant feels diſquiet and anguiſh enough to cauſe *Regret*, which is a kind of *Anger*.

——— *Dolor, querelæ,*
Lamentatio, lachrymæ perennes,
Languor, anxietas, amaritudo,
Aut ſi triſte magis poteſt quid eſſe,
Hæc in eas comites Næera *vitæ*;

was the complaint of a Lover in *Plautus*, even after victory: and *Poets* themſelves, none of the ſevereſt cenſurers of this Heroic paſſion, call it *ſuavem amaritiem, dolentiam dilectabilem, hilare tormentum*. Nay, old *Plautus* ſo far condemned it, as he could not hold from crying out, *Credo ego, ad hominis carnificinam Amorem inventum eſſe*. If Love then be ſo full of gall and anxiety, who can ſuffer it without ſecret deteſtation? who without reflecting upon the Author of his perturbations with diſpleaſure and offence. Certainly the moſt gentle, the moſt patient, the ſweeteſt temper, when urged and provok'd

vok'd by these inward gripes and pangs, will hardly be able to refrain from exclaiming, with *Phædria* in *Terence*

——O *Thais*, *Thais*! *utinam esset mihi*
Pars æqua amoris tecum, *ac pariter fieret*,
Ut aut hoc tibi doleret itidem, *ut mihi dolet*,
Aut ego istuc abs te factum nihili penderem.

What's more common among Lovers, than thus to wish their torments transplanted from their own into their Mistresses breast? and is not that to *curse* them? which the most savage nature would not do without *indignation*. It was not without good reason then, that *Aristotle* (2 *Rhetor.*) placed Love in the *Irascible* part of the Soul; nor is it out of affectation of being Paradoxical, but Zeal to Truth, that I have here asserted, That no man can Love without *indignation*, which will appear somewhat more perspicuous, if we consider, that *indignation* is always accompanied with either *Commiseration* or *Irrision*. For, to do evil, is in some sort to suffer evil; and therefore some men, when they observe any one to do evil, joyn to their indignation against, a Commiseration for the doer, while others on

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the ſame occaſion, mix Irriſion with their Indignation; according as they ſtand well or ill affected to the perſon doing amiſs; ſo that the laughter of *Democritus*, and the weeping of *Heraclitus* might proceed from one and the ſame cauſe; and Commiſeration, which is a degree of *Love*, may go hand in hand with Indignation.

SECT. III.

ANother of Loves *Problems* is this; that the moſt happy Lovers find their very enjoyments unſatisfactory, their joys inſincere. To them it is difficult, to love; not to love, more difficult; moſt difficult to be poſſeſs'd of what they love. Be the *Saint* never ſo propitious, never ſo obliging; ſtill the *votary* continues his ſupplications, his importunity, and not contented with all ſhe can grant, or he receive, he ſeeks for more. The miſerable Mind is afflicted no leſs with the *ſucceſs*, than with the *vehemence* of its deſires; and like the *Miſers*, continues poor in the midſt of Wealth; after a feaſt it riſeth empty, retaining that ſweet torment, *ſuſpirare & cupere*. As if they had as

little

little use of their Memory, as of their Reason and Will; forgetting the shortness, the emptiness of past enjoyments, they furiously hunt after more. *Memoriæ minimum tribuit, quisquis spei plurimum.* Every one puts a higher value upon his *Hopes*, than upon his *Attainments*.

As their desires to afflict, that they at the same time please and delight, so their joys are infested with such calamities, that they excruciate. Here (if you please) let us stand a minute or two, and consider how this can be. The passion of *Joy* (you know) always follows upon a tickling of the senses by some agreeable object; and its contrary *Grief*, upon the offence and grating of them: and yet Grief may sometimes be sustain'd with joy; and there are, on the other side, some certain titillations that offend. But the true reason why Joy ariseth for the most part from *titillation*, I conceive to be this; that the pleasure of all sensation consisteth in the Objects calling in the Nerves and Brain some motion, which might violate and hurt them, in case they were not firm and resolute enough to resist it; This resistence makes upon the centre of the brain an impression, which being

being instituted by Nature, to signifie and attest the good constitution and strength of the Nerves, represents the same to the *Soul* as a *Good* pertaining to her, so far forth at least, as she is conjoyn'd to the Body; and by that means excites *joy* in her; the same reason serves also to explain, why naturally it is pleasant to every man, to feel himself commoved to all sorts of Passions, yea even to sadness and hatred, when those Affections arise only from the various events represented in Theatres, or other the like subjects, wherein he is not concerned. Which, because they can no way harm us, seem to tickle the soul by touching her. And *Pain* ordinarily produceth *Grief*, because that offense of the sense, which is called *Pain*, ariseth from some Action so violent, as to hurt the Nerves: of which the soul instantly becoming sensible, looks upon it as an *Evil* extending to her also, and thereupon is affected with *Grief*, unless in some such cases, where she is strongly diverted by expectation of a greater Good from that Evil. As *Martyrs* have exulted in their torments, not that they were insensible of them, but because their souls were possessed with

a confident hope that thoſe ſhort pains would produce eternal pleaſures.

Upon this conſideration perhaps, or ſome other not much different from it, it was, that *Seneca* thus expoſtulates with his dear *Lucilius*, about his immoderate ſorrow for the death of their common Friend, *Flaccus* (*Epiſt.* 63.) *Quæris unde lamentationes, unde immodici fletus? per lachrymas argumenta deſiderij quærimus: & dolorem non ſequimur, ſed oſtendimus. nemo triſtis ſibi eſt. eſt aliqua & doloris ambitio.* The ſumme whereof is this, that we find a certain pleaſure in Grieving; and that that pleaſure is grounded upon *Ambition* (which is neerly allied to *Love*) to make it known to others, how well we loved that for which we grieve. To bring all this to our preſent argument. You ſee then, that Joy and Grief are no ἀνύσατε, no incompatible Paſſions, no ſuch Enemies but that ſometimes at leaſt they may dwell together in one breaſt. If ſo, why may not the Joys of Lovers be commixt with Grief? why may not their Fruitions be unſatisfactory? I could fill a whole Page with the names of ſuch, whoſe flames raged more by extinction, and whoſe love

was

was so far from languishing, that it grew more strong and violent by the possession of its object. *Cupid* is the son of *Venus*, you know: and nursed by his Mothers Milk; and our friend *Chaucer* therefore wisely fixes the *Epoche* of *Æneas* and *Dido's* love on the *Jubile* they celebrated in the Cave, whither the tempest of Thunder and Lightning had forced them to retreat.

And shortly fro the Tempest her to save;
This noble Quene fled into a Cave,
And with her went this Æneas also;
I wot not, with them if there went any mo:
The Auctour maketh of it no mention.
And here began the deep affection (rowe
Betwixt hem two. this was the first mo-
Of her gladness, and ginning of her so-

The *Reason* is, that the Lover, apprehending no fruition total, no possession entire, supposeth some further good in the object, than what his former enjoyment made him acquainted withall: nor doth he propose to himself meerly a Continuation of the Good he hath enjoy'd; because whoever wisheth the continuation of a Good, considers it not as a thing present, but to come, and consequently

sequently as a thing which yet he doth not know; for no man can know what is not. So that the *wandering* Love, which hunts after variety, and the *Constant*, that is determined and fixt upon one individual object, are twinns of the same birth, and have one and the same original: the latter affecting *Novelty* no less than the former. Here's all the difference; one pursues Novelty in a single person: the other in a multitude: but both are equally insatiate. *O infelicem stultitiam! O insaniam voluntariam!* what strange infelicity is this, *voti compotem voto non posse frui*, to have and at the same time to want? The Covetuous mans curse, is to possess and not enjoy: the Lovers greate to enjoy and not enjoy; *utpote cui majora, quàm quæ tota simul indulgeri fas sit gaudia quæruntur.* The wise man (*Ecclesiasticus* 30. and 20.) describing the misery of the one, compares it to the other: βλέπων ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ στενάζων, ὥσπερ ἐυνοῦχος περιλαμβάνων παρθένον καὶ στενάζων, the *Septuagint*. he beholds his treasure with greedy eyes, and sighs, as an Eunuch embraceth a Virgin and sighs, sighs most bitterly. So our Lover sighs, and enjoys, and still sighs. And to speak

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ſtrictly, in this ſenſe *Hercules* himſelf, who deflowred fifty Virgins in a night, was but an *Eunuch* for all that, ſo we are all, and our Ladies *Virgins*; we embrace and ſigh; ſtill unſatisfied, ſtill coveting, *quod nec aſſequi, nec ſcire datur*, more than the nature of the thing can afford.

Notwithſtanding this imperfection of our chiefeſt ſolace, I am ſo far from accuſing Nature of improvidence or unkindneſs, in making Love of this compoſition; that on the contrary, I judge it to be an argument of her *Wiſdom* and *Indulgence*. Becauſe our pleaſure is endeared by its being incomplete; and our appetite would ſoon be turned into loathing, if once ſatiated. πᾶσα γὰρ ἐπιθυμία πέπαυται βρωτῶν, ὅταν λάβῃ κόρον, ἐπειδὴ τῇ φύσει τοῦτο συνέσπαρται; is a Maxime of the *Indian Gymnoſophiſt*, in his ſpeech to *Alexander* the *Great*, recorded by *Palladius de Bragmanibus*, not long ſince ſet forth by the learned Knight Sir *Edward Biſſe*, *Clarenciux* King at Arms. To this purpoſe it was moſt elegantly ſaid by a modern Wit, writing upon the ſame ſubject; *huic affectui ſollicitè, proſpexit Numen, dum laudio immiſcuit tremorem & ſollicitu-*

dinem, ut delicatior exiret voluptas. All desire indeed, is grounded upon want, and want implies imperfection: yet the desire whereof we are now speaking, being mostly an effect of fulness, hath such a θέλημα, such a *complacentia* annex'd to it, that few complain of it as an imperfection. Nor are there many of *Plato*'s mind in this particular, who (as *Marsilius Ficinus* in his life) thought it enough only once to *sacrifice to Nature*. Most are as much pleas'd to possess this desire, as to satisfie it: yea, to speak freely, the desire is it self some satisfaction; *aquali voluptate afficiunt, & quod adest jam, & quod futurum speratur; nam dulcis desiderii dens interim mordet, & dum periculum facis, speras*; was the merry *Lucians* saying to his *Theomnestes* in Ἔρωτες And I am apt to believe, it was upon this very motive, that *Luther* openly professed, that without the *consolatiuncula creaturulæ* he could not live contented.

SECT

SECT. IV.

YEt more *Ænigmata*, more perplexing Difficulties in Love. This Affection, which compoſeth all other commotions of the ſoul, which reconciles Men, wild Beaſts, and Philoſophers, is yet at *variance with it ſelf*; being founded upon a diſcordant connexion of unlike and aſymbolical natures, it maintains its power by a civil Warre; and, like ſome pictures, varies its repreſentations according to the different poſitions of the eye that ſpeculates it, on one hand it carries the aſpect of *Fear*; on the other, of *Magnanimity*: in one poſture it appears *Blind*; in another, *ſharp-ſighted*; here a *Fool*; there *Wiſe*, *&c.* ſo that its picture cannot be drawn in one Image: and the ſpectator may eaſily be miſtaken in its lines and features. To be particular.

When you ſee a languiſhing Lover, whoſe armes ſeem ſo tender and delicate, that you think them fit only for embraces; who exhales nothing but odours or ſighs; who is ſtrook down with the contraction of a brow, and wounded to the heart with the diſ-

dainful glance of an eye: take heed notwithſtanding, how you reproach him as a *ſoft*, *effeminate* and *puſillanimous* perſon. For, realy he is *hardy*, *daring* and *adventurous*; he repines not at the tediouſneſs or cold of nightly vigils; he inures himſelf to difficulties; like *Cæſar* poſting from *Rome* into *Germany*, he deſpiſes the obſtacles of the *Alps*, of froſt and ſnow and overflowing rivers; he exerciſes his fortitude with ſubmiſſively undergoing accumulated injuries; he defies dangers, nay, makes it a pleaſure to create them in his imagination, and is gratified with the encountre of adverſe accidents, as favours to his zeal, and arguments of his devotion, he neglects not only dreſs, but health; and, like *Candidates* for St. *Peters* chair, or the Dukedom of *Venice*, thinks it advantagious to look faint, pale and meagre.

Nor ought you to accuſe him of *Stupidity*, though you obſerve him to ſuffer Contempts and Affronts from his proud *Stratonice*, without juſt reſentment. For, he (be you well aſſured) is wholly tranſmigrated into ſoul, become all ſpirit, retreated into that Ætherial particle of Fire, which is impaſſible,

passible, and can not be touch'd. If this seem less credible, be pleas'd to consider, it is the Religion of Love to overcome evil with good, to extinguish the fire of malice by the brighter flame of Charity; the Philosophy of this endearing Passion, to subdue hatred by submission and obsequiousness. Besides, our good-natured Gallant entertains, neglects & scorn, not with insensibility, but *discretion*: as well understanding, that injuries as they fade and die of themselves, when bravely despised; so they pass into Benefits, when received with gentleness and humanity. *A flint is broken on a feather-bed.*

Will you charge him with *Blindness*, because he discerns not the defects, the spots of his Mistress; but takes these for starres, and those for ornaments; and by a most obliging error gilds over her faults with the title of the neerest virtues? Herein certainly you are no equal Arbiter. You require a Censor, not a Lover; and in the place of true affection, you expect a severe judgement. It is a sign of ill-nature in you, thus to envy him the pleasure of an error, wherein he thinks himself more happy. Is it not lawful for him to impose

upon

upon himself by such innocent fraud? to form in his mind a more august image of her, whom he is resolved to contemplate and adore? we account it an excellency in a Painter, to make his pieces fairer than the Originals; and among the many praises deservedly ascribed to our incomparable *Mr. Lely*, this is not the least, that his curious pencil can at pleasure not only follow the finest lines of Nature, but sweeten them; at once both imitate and excell the life. Why then do you condemn the same in a Lover? it is indeed an excess in both; of Art in one; of Affection in the other: and, in my opinion, equally commendable. Imagination is unconfined even by Nature: and the very Extravagances thereof in love have been approved by *Venus* herself, in that she infused warmth and life into *Pygmalions Eburnea*. That, you'll say was a fiction: yet the Mythology may serve to justifie our *Inamorato*. The life given to that Statue by the Goddess, was no other than the grace and beauty of the Figure, which *Appelles*, in his Pictures called the *Venus*; which made it live in the estimation of those times, and admiration of posterity. *Lucian's Panthea* (in Ἐικόσι) likewise, it

is

is probable, was no other than an Imaginary or Romantique Lady, made up of all the rare idea's of Beauty, and admirable endowments of mind, whereof humane nature is capable; for, his beſt Interpreters are at a loſs in their conjectures, what divine Princeſs that was, whoſe glorious perfections he deſigned to celebrate under the veil of that Name: yet even learned and grave men are ſo highly pleaſed with the deſcription and Character, that they equally admire his Wit, and her accompliſhments, and ſcarcely abſtain from rivalling him in both. If ſuch admiration then, and applauſe be due to *Lucian*'s Fancy; why do you deride that of our *Inamorato*, who thereby endeavours to form to himſelf ſuch another *Panthea*? If he deceive himſelf, 'tis to his own misfortune, not your prejudice; yet how can we call that a misfortune, which he (the beſt judge in the caſe) eſteems a Felicity?

But all this while the *Dimneſs* ſeems to be in your Underſtanding, not in his ſight. His eyes are not put out, but only covered with a thin vail, through which they ſee more ſecurely, more clearly; as we behold the Sun beſt through

through a skreen of clouds. You are to imagine them only contracted, as those to take aim, that they may discern more accutely and distinctly. Being fixt upon one object, and that a bright and charming one, they do not indeed so plainly perceive other things; yet not that they are weak, but because they loath them, and will not endure to be diverted: which is not to be dim-sighted, but to see *too much*. Again, if to Philosophize, be nothing but to contemplate *Idea's*; then to love, is to be a Philosopher. Yea, if every man loves so much as he understands (which was *Plato's* opinion) then dotage in love is an argument of Science.

You are too blame, therefore, if you think vehemency of desire to be a sort of *Madness*; or take our Lover for one *Infatuated*, only because his actions seem extravagant. Alas! what you call *Follies* in him, are the *Mysteries* of a Divine Fury, or Enthusiasm. Love inspires into the Mind a new Faculty of acting by a more certain and compendious way, than that of Ratiocination: all his Reason, like that art by which spiders weave their curious nets, and Bees Govern their Commonwealth, is

Instinct.

Inſtinct. His hand is not guided by the eye, when he ſhoots at human hearts; but by the Divinity of his *Genius*: and therefore, though he never takes aim, he never miſſes the mark.

Impotens flammis ſimul & ſagittis,
Iſte laſcivus puer ac renidens
Tela quam certo moderatur
——————— *arcu!*

While we poor mortals regulate our affairs by Reaſon, which is a laborious faculty, and obnoxious to error; it is the priviledge of his Divinity, to be carried on by a quick and moſt certain ὁρμὴ, or *force*, to all his ends; and, like the *Supreme Being*, he is wiſe without deliberation or counſel. It is not then the prerogative of *Jove* alone, *ſapere & ſimul amare*, to be wiſe and to love at once. For if wiſdome be, *ſcire quid ſit optimum*; then certainly a Lover is alſo wiſe, becauſe he knows whats beſt; *aliud enim* (as *Senecca*) *amare praeter optimum, nefas eſt*. If after all this you will not allow him to be in his wits, pray conſider what ſubtle devices, ambuſhes, ſtratagems, and artifices he invents and makes uſe of, to take in that ſtrong and by open force impregnable fortreſs of his Miſtreſſes heart. Caſt your

your eye upon thoſe troops of Virgins, that are daily led Captives, as trophies of their Lovers wit and cunning: all which were of neceſſity to be deceived, before they could be taken, and by artificial violence to be drawn to their own deſires. For, they love more, to be ingeniouſly beguil'd, than to be loved; and the readieſt way to bring them into the circle of your embraces, is firſt to circumvent them with pretty fallaces and amorous treacheries. Now he that can with neat addreſs, unperceived ſnares, and harmleſs frauds bring this to paſs; either he is no *Fool*, or I am one to think him otherwiſe, and ſo was *Virgil* when he ſaid —*quis fallere poſſit amantem?* & *Mantuan*, when he ſaid

Namq; dolos inſpirat amor, fraudeſq; miniſtrat.

Nay, ſo far is this Paſſion from darkening the underſtanding, and caſting a miſt over the Eye of the Mind, that it rather *illuminates* and clears it. Witneſs that pleaſant Story in *Boccace* (which he borrowed from the *Greeks*, and which *Beroaldus* hath tranſlated into *Latin*, and *Beblius* turned into elegant verſe) of *Cymon* and *Ephigenia*.

This

This *Cymon*, the Son of a Governor of *Cyprus*, was naturally ſo very a *Fool*, ſo ſtupid an indocil an Aſs, that his Father being aſhamed of his rude and ideot-like behaviour, ſent him to be kept at a remote and ſolitary Grange of his in the Country. Where he walking alone, as his cuſtome was, by chance eſpied a beautiful young Gentlewoman, *Iphigenia*, a Burgomaſters Daughter of *Cyprus*, as ſhe lay faſt aſleep with her Maid, in the cool ſhade of a little Thicket, with no envious cover, but a clean tranſparent Smock, that rather betray'd than conceal'd her excellent ſhape and whiter skin. At this ſurpriſing viſion poor ſimple *Cymon* was aſtoniſht; he ſtood leaning on his ſtaff (for his legs were now unable alone to ſupport his trembling body) gaping on this female Angel, unmoveable, and in a trance of wonder and amazement. Upon which Love immediately ſucceeding, and in a moment with its celeſtial raies diſpelling all the foggs of his cold and phlegmatick brain, yea inſpiring him as it were with a new and ingenious ſoul; he rowzd up himſelf; reflected upon the miſery and diſhonour of his late condition, and put on a ſprightly reſolution

to

to purſue his Nymph with Courtſhip and Gallantry, worthy her admirable Form, and his own noble extraction. To this purpoſe he the next day followed his retreating Fairy to the City, put on a becoming habit, and with it a graceful and obliging Mine: and animated with hope, induſtriouſly imploy'd himſelf in learning Muſick, dancing, fencing, and acquiring all other good qualities requiſite in a Gentleman. So that in a very ſhort time he was tranſformed from an *Ideot*, a *Bartholmew-Cokes*, a Clown, to a *Bon Eſprit*, a *Virtuoſo*, a *Trawitt*, in a word, to the moſt accompliſh'd Gallant of the times: nor was *Iphigenia* ſo invincible to ſuch aſſaulting perfections, as not by marriage of him to appropriate to her ſelf the fruits of the Miraculous *Metamorphoſis* the viſion of her Beauties had wrought in him. Such power hath the ſight of a fair Lady naked to cauſe Love; ſuch power hath Love to cure the Lethargy of the Soul, and awaken it into Wit and Galantry, making a *Heros* of a *Sott*, in fewer minutes than the Writers of Romances can in years. I ſay, a *Heros*; becauſe the ſame *Cymon* proved alſo famous at *Arms*, fought ſundry

sundry combats, performed many heroical exploits, and alwaies had Fortune for his Second: the same flame that enlightned his understanding, having heated his blood also, and kindled Courage and Magnanimity in his heart.

At this you will the less wonder, if you remember what you have read in *Gordon* (*lib. 2. de Sap.*) who there occasionally recounting many of the admirable effects of Love, says thus: *Ex nihilo generosos efficere solet, ex timidis audaces, ex avaris splendidos, ex rusticis civiles, ex crudelibus mansuetos, ex impiis religiosos, ex sordidis nitidos & cultos, ex duris misericordes, ex mutis eloquentes, &c.* If you contemn this authority, I hope you will not dispute the Example of *Sir Walter Manny* in *Edward* the *third* time, who being stuft full of Ladies favours, fought like a Dragon: nor that of *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*, who (as *Castilio* thinks) had never conquer'd *Granada*, had not Queen *Isabella* and her Ladies been present at the Siege; *it cannot be expressed* (says our Author) *what courage the Spanish Knights derived from the rayes of the Ladies eyes: a handful of amorous Spaniards overcame a multitude of*

Authors; Every true Lover is wise, just, temperate and valiant, saith *Agathon* (*lib. 3. de Politica*) who doubts not therefore, but if a Prince had an Army of such Lovers, he might soon conquer the whole world; except he met with the like Army of Inamorato's to oppose it. *Plato* then had reason, when (*5. de Legibus*) he would have women follow the Camp, to be both Spectators and Encouragers of noble Actions: it being his opinion, (*in convivio*) that Mars himself borrowed most of his valour from his love of *Venus*.

SECT. V.

HAving beheld this *Proteus*, Love, in some of those various shapes wherein it usually appears, you are (I presume) thereupon inclined to think it may be no less *inconstant* to its *Object*, than it seems to be to *it self*. To obviate this scandalous mistake, therefore, I find my self obliged in the next place to evince, that the Judgments of Love are, like those of Fate, *unalterable* and *perpetual*; that it is *constant* and *immutable*. He who can cease to love whom he hath once loved, doe's but dream he loved.

loved. For the conjunction of true Lovers hearts, like solemn Matrimony, admits of no divorce. When the Virgin *Zone* is untied, a knot is in the same instant knit, that can never be dissolved; sometimes, indeed, as the *Gordian*, it may be cut asunder. *Death* may be the *Alexander* to discind, but cannot untie it. Love ceases, not, though what is loved hath ceas'd to be. When your Turtle hath molted all her beautiful feathers, and is grown old; you shall not cease to think her still the same, still amiable and youthful: and what of her charming features time hath impaired, your affection will continually renew: the pleasing Form now lost to your eye, shall be perpetually found fresh and lively in your mind. The fidelity of Remembrance shall countervail the cruelty of Age: which may by a natural Metamorphosis render your Wife a stranger to her former self, but hath not the more tyrannical power to alienate her from you. Nay, when *Fate* shall have torn her from your armes, even then shall you still retain and enjoy her in your imagination, you shall think her not dead, but only *absent*, and as often as you mix embraces with her

kind Ghost, you shall deny her to have *perish'd*. Love shall make you triumph over Mortality, and in the ardor of your spiritual fruition, you shall bid defiance to Destiny, crying out, *Though you have seperated us*, O Fatal Sisters! *you have not divided us, yet we converse together, yet we are a pair, from others you have taken away the Woman, from me not so much as her shadow. While she lived, we used but one Soul, now but one Body. Her Spirit is received into my breast, and there remains fixt, as in its proper Asterism and Heaven.*

Thus Love seems to perform its course, as the Sun, in a Circle, alwaies returning to the point whence it set forth; so ending in it self, as alwayes to begin. For, no man loves, who can ever be able to love either, less, or not at all. Of love there can be no end, because no satiety. Like Heaven and a contemplative Mind, it is perpetually in motion, never at rest: yet that labour doth not weary, but refresh. Thus the end of one benefit, is a degree toward another: and the Soul provoked by a double ardor, cherishes first the person, and then its own obligations: *ad amoris perennitatem sufficit amasse.*

Not-

Notwithstanding Love be thus immortal, as being the propet affection of an immortal Soul, and devoted to an eternal Object, Good: yet can I not deny, but it is a kind of *Death*. For, who is ignorant that Lovers die as often as they kiss, or bid adieu: exhaling their Souls upon each others lips. Like *Apollo's* Priests possessed with the spirit of *Divination*, they are transported out of themselves; their life is a perpetual *Extasie*; they devest themselves of their own Souls, that they may be more happily fill'd with others. I believe *Pythagoras* his *Metempsychosis* or Transmigration of his Soul, when he loved, not when he philosophiz'd. At sight of a fair and well built house, our souls, like delicate and proud Ladies, grow weary of ther own homely dwellings, and are unquiet until removed thither: because they were not born, they affect to live, yea to be born again therein. Longing for the Elyzium of their Mistress breast, the only Paradise for Lovers Ghosts, they break the prison of their own, and anticipate the delivery of Death, and fly thither, as to the place of their eternal mansion. Whoever thou art, that darest to doubt of

these excursions of amorous Souls; let me advise thee attentively to observe, how the Soul of a Lover almost visibly flies to that part of the body, which approches neerest to his *Panthea*. If they joyn hands, you may perceive their souls to be *palpably* distributed into their fingers, mutually to take hold, and entwine each with other. If they stand side by side, their bowels yern, their hearts leap for joy, their spirits flow in crowds into their breasts, and raising strong palpitations, salute each other, as Clowns use to do, with *thumps*; as if they strove to dissolve the ligaments of life and intermix embraces. What kind of *Magique* is that, by which the blood is made to overflow the cheeks with crimson waves, at the presence of a dear friend, springing up out of the Arteries of the wounded Heart, as an index of its sufferings, no otherwise than the blood of a murdered man is said to flow forth afresh, to betray the Homicide: only with this difference, that the blood, in the case of *Murder*, flows, I know not by what instinct, for *revenge*: but in a *Lovers* blushes, for *cure* and *remedy* of his harm. See, how greedily his soul catcheth the sounds of her

voice;

voice; and retired wholly into his ears, ſtands there watching every accent; nay is converted into the ſenſe of Hearing, or rather into the very ſound it receives. In exchanging words they exchange ſpirits and immigrate into the wiſhes they utter. See, how their wandring ſouls in a continual effux ſally forth at their encountring eyes; and conſuming themſelves in greedy looks, leave their bodies faint and lifeleſs, many times falling into ſwoons and *Syncopes*. To Lovers it is the ſame thing, to *ſpeak*, and to *expire*; the ſame, to *ſee*, and to *extramit themſelves* by the eye; to gaze, and to paſs into the object. In them the *Platonic* opinion, that ſight is performed by *Extramiſſion* of rays holds true. Thus the *whole* Man haſtning to get forth, crowds one while into the Ear, another into the Eye, ſometimes into the Lips: *ſuaquia dans Agathoni, animam ipſe in labra tenebam*, was *Plato*'s confeſſion of himſelf; living only in that part, wherein he at preſent enjoys his Fellow, his other and better *half*. Thus Love *epitomizeth* Human nature; compelling Men to breath and live more *contractedly*; and (like ſome imperfect Animals) to be

content with *one* sense alone. But thus to reduce him from a necessity of many Organs or Instruments of life, sense and motion, to a capacity of existing more delightfully by one single Organ, is not to maim Man, but render him more *perfect* and *divine*. We will therefore, if you please, conclude this *Paragraph* with a pertinent Stanza of that incomparable Critique in Love, old *Chaucer*: who in most lively and never-vading colours painting the surprize and astonishmen of *Troilus*, (till then a Woman-hater) at first sight of the fair *Cresseide*, in her mourning habit, sparkling like a Diamond set in Jet; saith thus.

Lo, he that lete him selven so conning,
And scorned hem that loves paines dien,
Was full unware that love had his dwelling
Within the subtel streams of her even,
That doubtely him thought he felt dien,
Right with her loke, the spirit in his herte.
Blessed be love, that thus can folke con-
(verte.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

IN such spiritual efforts and sallies, the *Body* indeed suffers a manifest, though a grateful *detriment*; but (what's a wonder even for wise men) the *soul* acquires *Augmentation*. For, as if she were also definable by *Extension*, being by a certain *expansion* more diffused than before, she that was originally the Guest of one breast, become's thenceforth the Governess of two. Confused betwixt two bodies, she scarcely knows for which she was first formed: but as it were suspended betwixt both, she perfectly informs neither. By one Law of Nature she is confined to one body; by another Law of the same Nature, *Love*, she is carried forth to animate and possess another, which she strives to make equally her own: so that in this case you are obliged to acknowledge both a *Diminution* and an *Increment* of her Soveraignty. Every *Individual* in love, is thenceforth a *Number*; carrying always with him, as *Antipheron* did, *another Himself*: if at least he may properly be said to be a Number, whom one computes, whom one distinguishes, whom

whom the word *Homo* alone expreſſes; an *Hermaphrodite* and yet no *Monſter*. By a fruitful error, to men in Love, as well as to men in Drink, all objects appear *double*; yet no otherwiſe than the eyes themſelves are double, which have one and the ſame motion, one and the ſame ſight. Here you ſee a kind of *penetration* of *Dimenſions*, two perſons ſo cloſely embracing, as to fill up the ſame ſpace, as to become one, as to deſtroy their embraces; for, embraces imply a difference. While, like *Ovids* Hermaphrodite, *Salmacis*, the perſon courting, and the perſon courted are one and the ſame; he knows not whether he love, or is beloved more truely; nor doth he enjoy, but is converted into his wiſh. Ah, *Cupid*, thy very bounty is mockery; thy favour, like that of Grandees in Court, hypocritical: while thou hideſt within my breaſt, what I require to be in my arms. Thou art too propitious in making us one: rather divide us, that we may feel our ſelves to be what we would be, different in ſex, one in will and deſire. *Obſtat cupienti, nimium frui.* To have her made the ſame with my ſelf, whom I covet only as a Partner of my joys, is to prevent them.

them. This excesse of kindnesse, this assimilation of another to my self, makes me think, I do not embrace my Friend, but a shadow; which always treads in my footsteps, and imitates all my motions. Stand farther from me, O my deerest, who art nearer to me than I am to my self; that I may enjoy that pleasure, which consisteth in the knowledge of a Distinction.

But, alas! I forget my self, and wish a Contradiction. The same power that makes one of two, makes also two of one. The Arithmetick of Love is performed as well by *Substraction*, as by *Multiplication*: nor do we think that substraction a loss, but a *Compendium*, unless it be more advantage to have our strengths *collected*, than *extended*. Every thing (you know) is so much the more *perfect*, by how much the more *simple*. To be comprehended within no space or number, is the prerogative of the *Deity*: and what is *Best*, and *Highest*, can be but *one*. Love, therefore, as it hath this Divine perfection of *Unity*; so hath it likewise that other of *Self-communication*. For, what is perfect, is uncapable of addition or encrease otherwise than by Diffusion or Distribution

bution of it self. The only Usury of Love, is to make others rich. This liberality of conferring ones self upon another, is the only good Mankind can justly call his own, and the first Donative of Heaven. Other things are the gifts of Fortune, which we can no more give, than the light of the Sun, or the common aer; nay, which we have scarcely right enough to appropriate to our selves. Whoever loves, then, comes neerer to the *Divine Nature*, as placing his chief delight in doing good, in making another happy. Hence it is, that as Men of youthful and strong Bodies are naturally desirous to beget issue of their Loins: so those of great and vigorous abilities of Mind feel in themselves a certain noble ardor, that incites them to beget children of their *understanding*, a prægnancy of the *Brain*, and most chaste Lust of propagating *virtue*; which is commonly named *Platonique Love*. Wherefore, Love is, in this respect at least, so far from proceeding from *want* (as *Mr. Hobs* derives it) that on the contrary it is the effect of *wealth* and *abundance*. Nor ought we longer to complain of Nature, as close-handed and niggardly in her Gifts to Mankind,

Mankind, since she hath been so indulgent and bountiful in instituting this ingenious *commerce*, whereby every one both communicates himself, and receives another (for, by Love we do not sell, but *exchange* ourselves) yea transferrs into his own treasury whatever is excellent and divine in another, being adopted heir to anothers riches, he becomes more accomplished by endowment, and in another supplies his own defects. This *Munificence* of *Love* in communicating whatever it thinks good and delectable, is evident even in the delight of *sensual Fruition*, which being a pleasure consisting in a conjunction not only of two Persons of different sexes, but also of two different Appetites in each Person; *viz.* to *please*, and to be *pleased*; and the former of these two Appetites being an Affection of the Mind consisting in the Imagination of power to please; it necessarily follows, that each party becomes so much the more joy'd or pleased in himself, by how much the more able he finds him to please or cause joy in the other. So that they rival each other in the *Communication* of delight. The same may be said also of *Platonique* Love, or generous

Charity;

Charity, the delight whereof consisting likewise in the exercise of ones *power* or ability to enrich the understanding of another, and impraegnate his Mind with the seeds of Virtue: the *Socrates* must be so much the more delighted in his own Mind, by how much the more he finds the *Alcibiades* better'd by his instructions. Here's all the difference, the delight of *sensual* Love depending partly upon the powers of the Body, is therefore furious, short of duration, and subject to decay: the *Platonique* depending solely upon the Mind, whose powers are perpetual, is therefore calme, of one equal tenour, and everlasting.

Here finding my boat unexpectedly brought upon the blessed coast of the *New Atlantis*, or terrestrial Paradise, *FRIENDSHIP*, where the aer is perpetually clear and serene, the sea pacific, and the land spontaneously fertil, a place wherein nothing is found but *Consolations*, whose King, *Altabin*, is a wise man, whose peaceful inhabitants are rich in their contempt of all pecuniary Commerce within themselves, where the *Tirxan*, or true *Father of the Vine*, *Love*, composes all differences, and extinguishes all animosities; and where the

the Sons and Daughters of *Bensalem* live in perfect amity and concord: being come, I say, to this happy Port, give me leave my *dear Friend*, here to cast anchor, and end my voyage. I had designed to sail farther, to discover what that wonderful *somebhing* in *Love* is, which we observe to be more powerful than all Calamites, more august than Honour, more splendid than Riches, more delightful than Pleasures, more sovereign than Empire, more venerable than Autority, more charming than Beauty, more illustrious than Wisdom; that for which we contemn and trample upon all those glorious things, so much either feared, or adored by the world; yea, for which alone we do not contemn, but esteem and worship them: that, which so fully pleaseth alone, that even the vilest things please for the sake thereof; which enjoyes this privilege of *Majesty*, that nothing can turn to its dishonour; which is above the reach of Infamy, and can honest even vice it self. But, perceiving the Needle of my Cogitations, no less than that of my Affections, to fix it self on that point of the Compass, wherein you and I seek for Happiness in this life, our constant

Friendship:

Friendship: I confess, my Mind is so intirely taken up with the ravishing Contemplation thereof, that I cannot at present divert it to prosecute what I intended to speak, concerning several other admirable and stupendious effects of this *Heroick Passion*; whereof I have here drawn no perfect Picture, but only a rude *Scetch*, or rather a few gross and confused *lines*, by way of supplement to Your more artificial Representation of it, in your *Ephesian Matron*. Let us, therefore, now (if you please) goe ashore, and repose our selves in the newly mentioned Island of *Bensalem*, (where though we be not advanced to the honour of being Fellows or Brethren of *Salomons House*; yet we may be well received into the *House of strangers*) reserving what remains untouched of our Argument for another divertisement; and in the mean time, with our dearly beloved *Don Geffrey*,

Beseeching every Lady bright of hewe,
And every gentil woman, what she be,
Albeit that our Matrons were untrue,
That for that gilte ye be not wroth with me,
Ye may in other Boues their gilte se.
And gladder I would write, if that ye leste,
Penelopes truth, and faith of good Alceste.

Ne

Ne saie I nat this all only for these men,
But most for women that betraied be
Through fals folke (God yeve hem sorowe,
That with great witte and subtiltie (amen)
Betraien you, and this meneth me
To speke, and in effect you all I prate, I say.
Bethe ware of men, and herkeneth what I
But God forbid, but a woman can
Ben as true and loving as a man.
For it is deintie to us men to finde
A man, that can in love be trewe and kind.

Thus endeth now my tale, and God us sende
Taling enough unto our lives ende. ¶

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Enchanted Lovers, a Play.
Balsacs Conversion of the Roman.

PLAYES,

Folio and Quarto.

Adventures of Five hours.
Mustapha.

Henry

Henry the Fifth.
Juft Italian.
Unfortunate Lovers.
Love and Honour.
Alboyne King of the *Lombards*.
Cruel Brothers.
Cruelty of the *Spaniards* in *Peru*.
Hiftory of Sir *Francis Drake*.
Siege of *Rhodes*, firft and fecond Parts.
Nuptial of *Peleus* and *Thetis*.
The Widow, a Comedy.
Love in a Tub.
Rival Ladies, a Comedy.
Indian Emperour.
Amazons Queen.
Pompey the Great.
Maiden Queen.
The Uſurper, a Tragedy.
Cutter of *Coleman-ſtreet*.
The Carnival, a Comedy.
Mayor of *Queenborough*.
Tarugo's Wiles, or the Coffee-houſe.
Duke of *Lerma*.
Villain, a Tragedy.
Dryden's Eſſay of Poeſie.
Duel of the Staggs.